

Way to Amazonia 11

(Warning... yes, there's going to be sex, more or less.)

Was I only dreaming?

The genie had listened to my wishes, and there I sat, in the dark tropical Amazonian night, with the object of my desire in hand. It was just a electronic toy, but what a toy - the ultimate World Wide Dyke Web, unlike anything you had seen before. On the small but vivid screen, luminous with its pearly lavender glow, was everything you had ever wanted to reach with your curious thoughts. When your gaze rested on a particularly interesting link, it would be activated and opened in front of your eyes, as if the screen was just waiting to follow the train of one's thought.

Idly, I eyed a section labeled 'delicious lips', with recipes about how to eat pussy, served in various ways to suit each taste. For the beginners, there were recipes of covering the labia with strawberries or picking up pieces of licorice from a place of hiding with your tongue. For the more seasoned eaters, there were suggestions for the really hungry, ranging from a thin slice of pizza to eat through to 'juicy in its own juice' for aficionados of the original and pure tastes.

However, my eyes moved on, with the sweat of the night wet on my brow. Finally I found what I had been looking for, the weather home page that Linda had said would be there. My anxious thoughts found at once 'Snow in Amazonia' and without waiting any further, I went directly for it.

The genie must be very powerful indeed, I thought, seeing the Amazonian landscape transformed in front of my eyes. There was snow everywhere, a very brisk midwinter weather. The jungle was gone and it had been replaced with fir trees and fells. I was skiing, on a pair of skis that were deep violet and purple, with the maker's label that read SnowDyke. Such ski equipment was quite new to me, and eagerly, I set to climbing forward, following a trail that was easy to follow in the bright moonlight.

After a couple of kilometres which were easy and blissful going, I suddenly felt I was not quite alone there. Looking behind me, I spotted a shadow behind the trees. Suddenly afraid, I started going faster, but up there in the fells the temperature was a couple of degrees warmer, and the previously perfect vaxing no longer worked. With skis slipping with each glide, I stumbled onwards like a hunted animal.

Indeed, I was hunted. The shadow behind me started to move quicker, until I no longer was afraid but knew that it was the hunter and I was the prey. And I knew there was no escape, as whatever it was that wanted to catch me, would surely get me sooner or later. And there it was, breathing behind me, its paws almost reaching me while I raced on.

My attempt to escape a sure fate was futile. Strong hands seized me, and I was lifted up like a doll. I was overwhelmed by the strong smell emanating from this unknown creature, who was running, with me under its one arm.

After a journey that seemed to last for hours, we were there, in a cavern on the other side of a great fell. A fire was burning, but otherwise, there was little comfort. It was cold and smelly.

I was put on the floor, and I gathered my courage to look at my captor. She was huge, two and a half metres at least, and covered with fine pale winter fur all over. The only thing that was bare of fur about her was the area between her legs that is ordinarily covered by hair in the females of the human race. I saw her labia, big and purple in color, swollen in the darkness of her home cavern.

Why was I caught? Was she hungry? Was I her dinner? Would she soon eat me? I felt her gaze on me, a steady look from a pair of bright and small dark grey eyes. She seemed to possess some intelligence, yet she did not talk to me, nor try to communicate in any other way. I was huddling on the floor, wishing myself back to the safety under the open skies of Amazonian tropical night.

Then I was given a sign, and despite it was unmistakable, I just sat and stared at the creature. Impatiently, in a manner that allowed no protests, she motioned again to me to throw away my skiing equipment and training clothes. With frozen fingers, I disentangled myself from the skis and my clothes that were wet with sweat. Then the creature picked me up again and carried me in front of her fireplace. Was I to be thrown to the fire to be roasted?

I was lying there, totally at mercy of this big female, nude and feeling very small and helpless. Her thick fur brushed against my breasts, making my nipples to harden. Then she seized me in such a way that my face was buried between her giant purple labia. They were so wet and engorged that I worried whether I was going to drown between her thighs soon. The smell was strong and wild, and in my tired state, my head was almost swimming. Yet I was curiously excited, and waiting for what she would want next.

I felt my face gliding along her wet parts, and to give myself some room to breathe, I seized her labia with both hands, digging myself a hole so that I could get some air into my lungs. This produced a loud and hoarse moan, the first sound she had uttered in my presence. I slipped my hand deeper, tickling her just a little, and soon she was growing more shrill, more wet, with her buttocks starting to move like waves of the ocean.

There and then, I knew that I had been captured for this wild female's pleasure, to fan her flame of lust in her cold and lonely cave. She was a giant, BigFoot SnowDyke, stalking human flesh in the chilly Amazonian winter nights where only a few women had travelled so far. She was very big and hungry, and ready to satisfy her hunger with my flesh. Would I ever escape back to the civilization from her superhuman embraces? Would I want to?

I could feel a coarse tongue on my own clitoris, sending electric shocks all over. Darkness and cold disappeared, there was only the fire starting to burn down there, with an ache and roar that was becoming unbearably delicious. I felt her dipping one of her giant size furry fingers into me, and I inhaled sharply, moaning loudly from this intoxicating pleasure, feeling her finger start moving in deepening plunges. Ohhh...

"Hey! Are you all right?!" Someone was shaking me, talking to me with some urgency. Opening my eyes, I saw concern on my partner's face. "Were you having a nightmare? I heard you screaming for help in your sleep..."

"Oh, no..." was all that I was able to say, now fully awake in the darkness of tropical wilderness. Everything was quiet and peaceful, only something resembling the laugh of a parrot could be heard from a distance...

[\[next episode\]](#) [\[start page\]](#)